

+ A very godly Song, intituled, The earnest petition of a  
faithfull Christian, being Clarke of *Bodnam*, made vpon his  
Death-bed, at the instant of his Transmutation,  
To a pleasant new tune.



**N**ow my painfull eyes are rowling,  
And my passing Bell is rowling:  
Rowling sweetly: I lye dying,  
And my life is from me flying.

Grant me strength, O gracious God,  
For to endure thy heavy rod:  
Then shall I reioyce and sing,  
With psalmes vnto my heavenly King.

Simeon that blessed man,  
Beloued Christ when he was come,  
And then he did desire to dye,  
To liue with him eternally.

Christ wrought me a strong saluation,  
By his death and bitter passion:  
He hath waich and made me cleane,  
That I should neuer sinne againe.

Gracious paines doe call and cry,  
O man, prepare thy selfe to dye.  
All my sinnes I haue lamented,  
And to dye I am contented.

Silly Soule, the Lord receiue thee,  
Death is come, and life must leaue thee,  
Death doth tarry no mans leasure,  
Then farewell all earthly pleasure.

In this world I nothing craue,  
But to bring me to my Graue,  
In my Graue while I lye sleeping,  
Angels haue my soule in keeping.

When the Bells are for me ringing,  
Lord receiue my soule with singing:  
Then shall I be free from paine,  
To liue and neuer dye againe.

Whiles those troopes corruption breed on,  
Wraye my nosome coopes to feed on,  
By seruent lone (this prison leathing)  
Craves a robe of Angels cloathing.

Farewell world and worldly gloze,  
Farewell all things transitory,  
Sion hill my soule ascendeth,  
And Gods Royall Throne attendeth.

Farewell wife and children small,  
For I must goe now Christ doth call,  
And for my death be ye content,  
When I am gone, doe not lament.

Now the Bell doth cease to rowle,  
Sweet Iesus Christ receiue my soule.

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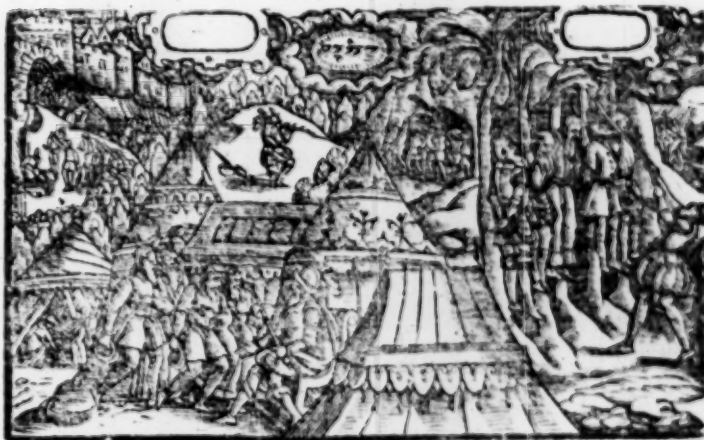
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The second part of the Clarke of *Bodnam*.  
To the same tune.



**O** God which did the world create,  
Heare a poore sinner at thy gate:  
Thou that from death didst set me free,  
Remit my sinnes and shew mercy.

Oh thou that caus'dst thy blessed Sonne,  
Into this wainesse to come,  
Thy Gospell true here to fulfill,  
And to subdue death, sinne, and hell.

Grant for his sake that dy'd on tree,  
On the blest Mount of Calvary:  
That I being grieved for my sin,  
May by repentance heauen win.

The Gospell saith, Who so beleue,  
To them wilt thou a blessing giue:  
Amongst which number grant me faith,  
That to beleue, thy Gospell saith.

Which if I doe, (as grant I may,  
Though here I dye, I liue for aye:  
Then hauntour sweet, remit my sin,  
And giue me grace that life to win.

And since they death (a price most great)  
Hath bought me, here I doe intreat,  
To giue me grace thy name to praise,  
Both now, and euermore alwaies.

For by thy death my soule is free  
From hell, which still by thy decree,  
Do sinners all for sinners be,  
Untill thy Son our saviour free.

Did vanquish by Almighty power,  
Death, hell, and all that could deuoure.  
My sinnes, O Lord, I doe confesse,  
Like sands in sea are numberlesse.

Yet though my sinnes as scarlet shew,  
Their whitenesse may exceede the snow,  
If thou thy mercy doest extend,  
That I my sinfull life may mend.

Which mercy thy blest Word doth say,  
At any time obtaine I may,  
If power and grace in me remaine,  
From carnall sin for to refrain.

Then giue me grace, O Lord, to refrain  
From sinnes, that I may still remaine  
With thee in heauen, where Angels sing,  
Most ioyfully to thee our King.

And grant (O Christ) that when I dye,  
My soule with thee immediately,  
May haue abode amongst the blest,  
And liue for euer in true rest.

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FINIS.

